

P8  
1120  
546  
174

PS

1120

BH6F4

**Cornell University Library**

THE GIFT OF

*C. D. Bradley*

A.101411

1/4/97

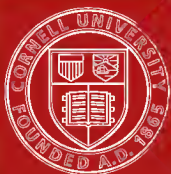
Cornell University Library  
PS 1120.B46F4

A few poems /



3 1924 021 975 127

olin



Cornell University  
Library

The original of this book is in  
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in  
the United States on the use of the text.











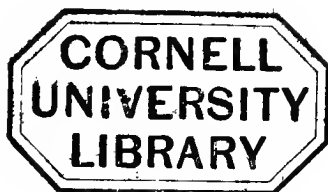
A  
FEW POEMS.

BY  
C. D. BRADLEE,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH AT HARRISON SQUARE, DORCHESTER  
DISTRICT, BOSTON, MASS.

1880.

*P. 13*





17 CHESTER PARK,

**BOSTON, *Mass.***

---

A

FEW POEMS,

BY,

*C. D. Bradlee*  
C. D. BRADLEE,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH AT HARRISON SQUARE, DORCHESTER  
DISTRICT, BOSTON, MASS.

1880.

24

A.101411

DEDICATED  
TO  
MY FRIEND OF MANY YEARS,  
JOHN WARD DEAN, A.M.



# CONTENTS.

---

	Page
Rev. Dr. ELIAS NASON . . . . .	7
GEORGE H. GAY, M.D. . . . .	8
GUIDO RENI . . . . .	9
GOD KNOWS BEST . . . . .	10
WHITSUNDAY . . . . .	11
PALLADIO. . . . .	12
MARRIAGE HYMN . . . . .	13
ONLY TWO OF US LEFT . . . . .	14
ONLY A LITTLE WHILE AND WE SHALL BE WITH GOD,	15
1 LOVE TO THINK OF JESUS . . . . .	16
THE GOLDEN WEDDING . . . . .	17
PISANO . . . . .	18
SAMUEL BRADLEE . . . . .	19
CHRISTMAS POEM . . . . .	20
HOLY WAITING FOR THE RIGHT . . . . .	20
THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE HARRISON SQUARE	
CHURCH . . . . .	21
THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW . . . . .	23
OUR MOTHER . . . . .	24
Rev. Dr. JAMES WALKER, LL.D. . . . .	25
THE OCEAN . . . . .	25
ALPHONSO . . . . .	26
OUR CHILD IS WITH GOD . . . . .	27
EASTER POEM . . . . .	28
THOUGHTS ON LOOKING AT MY MOTHER'S PICTURE .	29
BAPTISMAL HYMN . . . . .	29
FUNERAL HYMN . . . . .	30





## A FEW POEMS.

---

TO REV. DR. ELIAS NASON.\*

“Let your light shine!”

O LET your light shine, all clear and all bright,  
Fear not to speak what you know to be right;  
Hide not the thoughts that God puts in your heart,  
And ever be glad thy strength to impart.

O let your light shine, for needy ones wait!  
Your words always come in right royal state!  
Bring now with much love your gifts of great power,  
Thus make all holy each day and each hour.

O let your light shine, do all that you may  
To help those in darkness find the true way!  
Then out of heaven a grand blessing will come,  
A voice will be heard — oh hear it — “Well done!”

O let your light shine, let all people see  
That you and your Lord do always agree!  
He gives the light and he wants it to shine,  
And his will is right, and he is divine!

---

\* I love to read all that Dr. NASON writes, and I look upon him as a public benefactor. — C. D. B.

## GEORGE H. GAY, M.D.

Ob. Aug 12, 1878.

Quickly he passed away from sight  
And left us all in grief,  
And at the darkest hour of night  
His spirit found relief !

So hard and sad and sharp the blow,  
We hardly think it true ;  
And with our hearts all filled with woe  
We feel rebellious too !

But God knows best, his ways are just ;  
We utter not a word !  
We cling to him with perfect trust,  
Our Maker and our Lord !

Farewell, beloved, a long farewell :  
We'll miss you day by day,  
And God alone our grief can tell,  
And he its pain will stay !

Safe now you are with dear ones gone !  
What greetings you have found !  
And, in the higher life new born,  
United anthems sound !

We'll meet again, all free from care,  
Where sickness is unknown :  
We'll join again in praise and prayer  
Around the Father's throne !

[For the King and Queen of Italy, H. R. M. Humbert and  
H. R. M. Marguerita.\*]

### GUIDO RENI.†

1575—1879.

Amongst the painters famous in the past  
Whose names shall live as long as time shall last,  
Guido grandly stands in artistic power;  
Grateful thanks for ages have been his dower!  
And to Bologna has he always given  
A mighty splendor, by the grace of heaven!

In fifteen seventy-five it is told,  
And in the "Book of Fate" it is enrolled  
That on Italy's blessed shores a child  
Should come from God, in glory undefiled,  
Should have a chance to rise to favors great,  
And reach, if life were pure, a royal state!

Guido Reni we humbly wish to praise,  
And to his genius thankful tributes raise!  
He left Bologna young, and went to Rome,  
And with great paintings felt himself at home;  
Caravaggio's works he pondered well,  
And was quite familiar with Raphael.

Pope Paul the Fifth at first allowed his skill,  
And gave him a large order to fulfil!

---

\* Special thanks were sent for this poem from the royal palace at Rome, in the names of the King and Queen of Italy.

† GUIDO RENI was born in Bologna, Italy, in 1575, and died in 1642.

This splendid notice made him widely known,  
And to his early years sent great renown !  
So all were ready their applause to give ;  
His name was destined a long while to live !

But in deep poverty at last he died ;  
And yet the power of death he had defied !  
Though, in 1642, his body went from sight,  
Look, in 1879, we feel his burning light !  
Artists and scholars gladly speak his name, —  
His mighty genius still sends forth a flame ?

---

### GOD KNOWS BEST.

My God knows best ! through all my days  
This is my comfort and my rest,  
My trust, my peace, my solemn praise,  
That God knows all, and God knows best.

My God knows best ! That is my chart ;  
This thought to me is always blest ;  
It hallows and it soothes my heart,  
For all is well, and God knows best.

My God knows best ! then tears may fall ;  
In his great heart I'll find my nest ;  
For he, my God, is over all,  
And he is love, and he knows best.

## WHITSUNDAY.

The Holy Ghost, with mighty power,  
In shape of fire, a gracious dower,  
    Came down from heaven !  
Believers, in a chosen place,  
Were waiting for this promised grace,  
    So quickly given !

On Pentecostal day, there came  
This mysterious, blessed flame  
    Of light and love !  
It rested on each weary heart,  
And did a secret strength impart,  
    From God above !

Many tongues at once were spoken,  
Unto all the word was broken,  
    The word of peace !  
Three thousand people turned to God,  
And looked to Jesus as their Lord ;  
    All doubt did cease !

Lord, evermore this gracious fire  
Send down from heaven, and us inspire  
    With wondrous light !  
The darkness of our souls dismiss,  
And fill us all with sacred bliss ;  
    Anoint our sight !

**PALLADIO.\***

Written for the dedication of Palladio Hall, Boston Highlands, Feb. 14, 1879.

Three hundred and sixty-one years ago,  
Away off in the blessèd Southern clime  
Where gentle Italian winds do blow,  
There came to earth, in God's own time,  
That famous man, Palladio !

Vicenza, they say, was his native place,  
And as sculptor, at first, he tried his hand ;  
But soon, by Trissino's all winning grace,  
And by his sweet and strong command,  
He had to run another race !

As architect, he quickly gained a fame,  
That stirred, uplifted, charmed the hearts of all,  
And when Paul the Third, of Rome, heard his name,  
Out from the Pope there came a call  
That summoned him with loud acclaim !

A while, in print, he gladly spread abroad  
Volumes that to this day demand applause,  
And all his thoughts, we know, were strong and broad ;  
Brave he stood for the Artist's cause,  
And ever took the royal road !

In 1580, this great genius passed away,  
And sadly left his noblest work undone ;

---

\* ANDREA PALLADIO was born in Vicenza in 1518. and died there in August, 1580.

Yet, we know, he's alive with us to-day ;  
He stands an honored, cherished one,  
A light to guide us on our way !

This hall to-night bespeaks his name with praise,—  
This happy company now gathered here  
Their cordial witness in true love upraise,  
And give to him their joyous cheer !  
Will honor him in coming days !

And the one by whose will we meet this night,  
Who comes here from this same artistic clan,  
Will ever lift to our approving sight  
Palladio, the leading man ;  
Will honor him, and think it right !

And so we dedicate this new-built hall  
As Palladio's home, a place of cheer,  
And our kind host now asks us, one and all,  
To keep that spirit ever near,  
And let that power upon us fall !

---

### MARRIAGE HYMN.

Two, O Lord, at thine altar wait,  
A blessing to receive ;  
Humbly they would unite their fate,  
If thou wilt give them leave.

Their hands they join, their hearts they blend,  
One journey now they take ;  
They pray their love may have no end,  
They ask it for Christ's sake.

**ONLY TWO OF US LEFT.**

Thoughts suggested on Sunday evening, June 20, 1875.

There are but two of us here,  
The rest have gone away ;  
They have gone unto that sphere  
Where night is turned to day !

There are but two of us left,  
For six have passed to God !  
We are orphans and bereft,  
And both have felt the rod.

Only two ! how strange we feel !  
No father, mother dear !  
Come, my brother, let us kneel,  
We'll kneel together here.

Once, you know, on Sunday night,  
We knelt around the bed.  
Was it not a holy sight  
When mother's prayer was said ?

O brother, with God above,  
She prays for you and me !  
And she keeps for us her love,  
And bends for us the knee !

And how sweetly does she pray  
For light upon our heart ;  
And that God may give a stay  
That never will depart.



Then we'll say, "Thy will be done!"  
We cannot murmur more;  
And, through Jesus Christ, the Son,  
We'll worship and adore.

---

**ONLY A LITTLE WHILE, AND WE  
SHALL BE WITH GOD.**

A little while! then we shall rest  
From pain and care and sin;  
And we shall find that God knew best  
The hour that death should win.

A little while! the trump shall sound,  
And what a change will come!  
And what a light will fall around,  
When mortal life is done.

A little while! then heaven we'll see,  
And angels gladly meet,  
And find by God's all wise decree  
Our blessedness complete.

A little while! but faith must first  
Transfigure all our days!  
O'er all our lives must glory burst,  
On all our lips be praise.

A little while! O God, how long  
Before the time shall come?  
In that great hour may we be strong,  
And save us, through thy Son!

**I LOVE TO THINK OF JESUS.**

I love to think of that dear one  
Who walked in Judah's land,  
And called himself God's only Son,  
Led by the Father's hand.

I love to dream of that clear eye  
That gazed at human woe,  
And with a grace from God on high,  
Did holy joy bestow.

I love to speak of words he spoke,  
So gentle and so great,  
Which the slumbering echoes woke  
Of our right royal state.

I love to muse on deeds he did,  
So mighty and so grand,  
As he healed the sick, raised the dead,  
All through the Holy Land.

I love to say, he is here now,  
Blessing us each and all;  
Ready to catch the faintest vow,  
Always within our call.

I love to feel he waits above,  
That when our breath shall cease,  
He may receive us to his love,  
And crown us with his peace!

## THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

1827—1877.

Just fifty years ago this day  
Two hearts were joined in one !  
They asked their God to guide their way,  
Through Jesus Christ, the Son.

With truth and peace, with faith and love,  
They pledged their life and hand ;  
And strengthened by the voice above,  
United they did stand.

So hour by hour, and year by year,  
Held up by mighty grace,  
In doubt and joy, in cloud and fear,  
They kept a trustful face.

Though fifty years have rolled along,  
Behold the two are here !  
Still safe and true, still brave and strong,  
And to each other dear.

O God we thank thee, thou hast spared  
Thy children to this night ;  
That they so long thy love have shared,  
And found their lives so bright.

Still keep them in thy holy care !  
Still bless their hearts with peace,  
And O for bliss their souls prepare,  
When earthly time shall cease.

**PISANO.\***

Dedicated to the Royal Society of Heraldry, Pisa, Italy.

Nearly six hundred years ago, there came  
To Pisá's land a lovely babe, whose name  
Throughout all Europe has been sweetly known,  
And whose lofty genius all scholars own !  
Pisano was the one we mean :  
In Italy his works are seen.

As sculptor he made all the stones to speak,  
And holy music from the rocks did break,  
Giotto's method of design he tried,  
And thus the weary waste of age defied,  
And sent his works of holy chime  
Down even to the present time !

Twenty-two years a gate of bronze he made  
San Giovanni's Church in pomp arrayed,  
So now in wonder joyous eyes do gaze  
At this grand prize no mortal rust can raze !  
A proof of that much gifted mind,  
That left its rivals all behind !

In thirteen forty-five Pisano died,  
Nay, lived ! and all the power of death defied ;  
Lived ! the pride of Italy, Europe, too, —  
Decreed by all as just and good and true ;  
Remembered now with warmest love,  
Although a saint in heaven above !

---

\* ANDREA PISANO was born in Pisa, Italy, 1280.

## IN MEMORIAM.

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE  
BIRTHDAY OF SAMUEL BRADLEE.

1778. Nov. 7, 1878.

How grand the echoes of the past,  
That gather round the heart;  
How sweet the glances on us cast,  
That angel eyes impart!

We think of one who came to earth  
A hundred years ago,  
Who now has found a spirit birth,  
Where crystal fountains flow.

We speak of her who took his hand,  
For fifty years of life;  
Who now abides in God's own land,—  
Our mother! and his wife.

We dream of those, their children dear,  
Veiled from our mortal sight;  
And we are sure that they are near,  
On this our festive night.

A hundred years! how long the time!  
How filled with joy and pain!  
God give us all his own blest clime,  
Ere they come round again!

**CHRISTMAS POEM.**

Hark ! the Christmas bells are ringing,  
And the angel-choirs are singing  
    That Christ is born !  
And wrong is conquered by the right,  
A world is lifted into light,  
    No more forlorn !

All the earth was sad and dreary,  
And the human heart was weary,  
    Till Christ did come !  
And then the darkness fled away,  
And holy love began its sway  
    O'er hearth and home !

All glory be to God on high,  
Let every mortal gladly cry,  
    That Christ was given !  
May Christ grant all the power to see,  
As at his name they bend the knee,  
    The way to heaven !

- - -

**HOLY WAITING FOR THE RIGHT.**

Wait ! thou can'st not know thy fate,  
    The hidden things that lie deep  
In the councils of God's state,  
    While we wake and while we sleep !

A weaving is round the throne  
Of our blessings true and pure;  
To mortal ears now unknown;  
In the future all secure.

The Almighty's plans are grand,  
But are hidden from our sight;  
Of us all does he command,  
Holy waiting for the right!

---

### THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE HARRISON SQUARE CHURCH.

1848 — 1878.

In 'forty-eight this Church began  
Its holy work for God and man;  
And "Brooks" at first the word did give,  
That needy souls might wake and live!

And "Williams" next, this place did fill,  
Longing to do his Father's will;  
Twelve months he spoke the word with power;  
Kindly we speak his name this hour.

And "Johnson," too, with mind all bright,  
Anxious for truth, and wanting light,  
Awhile held service in this place,  
With earnest words and loving face.

Then "Bulfinch" came, the man of peace, —  
Our love for him will never cease;  
Long will his gentle, holy heart,  
On all our souls fresh strength impart.

“ Marvin ” followed this child of God,  
Took up his staff and held his rod,  
And when he felt the task too great,  
Left us all for a distant state.

“ Hinckley ” took up the waiting field,  
With tongue of fire a force did wield,  
And large crowds came to hear him speak  
Of holy truths from week to week

But soon he went, and “ Badger ” came,  
A man of thought and college fame,  
He stood on guard till trial fell,  
How great and sharp, no words can tell !

To “ Seaver ” then the work was given  
To guide the waiting soul to heaven ;  
And filled with zeal and love and power,  
Nobly he toiled from hour to hour.

His name we'll ever speak with love,  
And when we look to God above,  
We'll pray wherever he may go,  
Blessings upon his life may flow.

And Bradlee,—coming days must say  
Of good or ill, as best they may,  
For he himself must silent be,  
And leave his fate to history.

Rev. CHARLES BROOKS.  
Rev. FRANCIS C. WILLIAMS.  
Rev. SAMUEL JOHNSON.  
Rev. Dr. S. G. BULFINCH.

Rev. J. B. MARVIN.  
Rev. FREDERICK HINCKLEY.  
Rev. Prof. HENRY C. BADGER.  
Rev. NATHANIEL SEEVER, JR.



## THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

1877 — 1878.

Gone forever out of our sight,  
Its good and bad, its wrong and right,  
    The grand Old Year!  
Just like a bride, all dressed in white,  
All full of love and grace and light,  
    The blest New Year!

Passed up to God, and left for aye,  
Weighed down by age and great decay,  
    The loved Old Year!  
With youthful look and full of peace,  
Having of life a twelve months' lease,  
    The good New Year!

Away from sight, no more to give,  
With not another day to live,  
    The old, Old Year!  
With gifts of love and holy cheer,  
With all things great and good and dear,  
    All hail, New Year!

Thanks for the past, and all that's given  
Of light and strength and truth and heaven,  
    Great thanks, Old Year!  
And hope for every coming day,  
That wisdom's light may guide our way,  
    All hope, New Year!

## OUR MOTHER.

Our mother has found rest with God,  
Her life is done below,  
And now, held up by staff and rod,  
She higher work will know.

Her love, through many years so true,  
Will grow still strong and fast ;  
And she will strengthen and renew  
The friendships of the past.

Not lost to us, but gone "above,"  
Still watching sweetly near,  
Commissioned by a God of love  
As guardian angel here.

We will not weep as those who dread  
The change that now has come ;  
We will not call our dear one dead, —  
She's found another home !

For know we sure she safe abides  
Where all is peace and rest,  
And in a world of joy resides,  
Among the loved and blest.

In holy faith, to God we give  
The one to us so dear ;  
And, saved by him, she'll ever live,  
We have no doubt nor fear.

## IN MEMORIAM.

## REV. JAMES WALKER, D.D., LL.D.

Ex-President of Harvard College.

Gone home ! gone to a place of rest  
And joy and love and peace ;  
A shining one among the blest,  
Thy goodness will increase !

A record sure and strong and bright,  
Thou leavest here below ;  
The teacher of the just and right ;  
Of thee the truth we know !

Modest and brave, all sound and pure,  
A giant, yet a child ;  
Thy words were strong, thy pledges sure,  
Thy manner sweet and mild !

Farewell, dearly beloved of all !  
The master-mind and saint !  
And may thy mantle, prophet, fall  
On us as free from taint !

---

THE OCEAN.

I looked upon the Ocean, and calm it seemed, and fair,  
The peace of the Almighty was surely resting there !

I listened to the Ocean, its ripples and its swell ;  
The voice of the Eternal, a message seemed to tell !

I bowed before the Ocean and all its fearful rage  
Restrained by the good Father who made the shores  
its cage!

I stood by the old Ocean, and thought about our life,  
Its days so full of changes that pass from calm to  
strife!

And the Ocean seemed to speak of a more gracious  
shore,  
Where God would stay our billows and bless us  
evermore!

---

### TO H. R. M. ALPHONSO, KING OF SPAIN.\*

All blessings be upon thy path, great King,  
As one more dear one to the throne you bring ;  
May angels hover round thee, day by day,  
And to both King and Queen be staff and stay ;  
May holy deeds anoint the joyous reign ;  
This marriage prove a glory to all Spain !

Long may the faithful two, so soon made one,  
Add mighty beauty to the Spanish throne,  
And all the nations with a loud acclaim  
Welcome the one who takes Alphonso's name ;  
This union of hearts a sure glory prove,  
Made grand forever by the God of love !

---

\* Special thanks were sent for this poem from the royal palace of Madrid, in the name of the king.

## OUR CHILD IS WITH GOD.\*

Thou, God, to us a child did'st give,  
So beautiful and bright,  
We humbly hoped it long would live  
Within our loving sight.

We watched his growth, and felt a pride  
In all his winning ways ;  
Inside the home did peace reside,  
And happy were our days.

But now we look in vain to find  
The one who was so dear !  
And it is hard to be resigned,  
Because he is not here.

We know, O God, he's safe with thee,  
And filled with joy above ;  
And ever by thy wise decree,  
Embosomed in thy love.

Not lost to us, but watching near,  
Waiting for us to come !  
And to our souls forever dear,  
A holy precious one !

---

\* Read at the funeral of HOWARD SEAVER, Dec. 8, 1877.

**EASTER POEM.**

All hail to Easter Day now here ;  
Away at once our doubt and fear,  
    For Christ has risen !  
Our hearts shall rise in sacred love,  
Our eyes shall turn to thee above,  
    O God of Heaven !

We feel the reign of time has fled,  
No longer can the seeming dead  
    In sleep repose !  
The soul will find another home,  
And hear the Saviour's solemn " Come,"  
    When breath shall close !

We know this life will speed away,  
And short will be our mortal day,  
    And flesh must fade !  
But still beyond there is a rest  
For all the holy and the blest  
    Who've Christ obeyed !

Thanks be to God for Easter Day,  
To Jesus, too, who led the way  
    To grace and peace !  
And may we all receive a crown  
When we our earthly work lay down,  
    And faith ne'er cease !

## THOUGHTS ON LOOKING AT MY . MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Dear mother in heaven, thy picture I view,  
Thy face ever old, yet always seems new !  
The smile is the same, the looks are as kind,  
And yet the dear voice I now fail to find.

But out of the lips there does come a sound  
That gives a grand peace to all things around.  
O days holy, when again I shall hear  
Thy sweet words of counsel, full of good cheer.

Mother, I'll wait till I meet thee above,  
Ere I shall know of thy holiest love !  
No more partings then can harrow my heart,  
And God to us both all peace shall impart.

---

## BAPTISMAL HYMN.

Almighty God, thy peace this day  
Descend upon this place;  
And now do we devoutly pray  
For rich supplies of grace.

Our thoughts make pure, our words make true,  
And all our deeds inspire;  
And send at once thy holy dew  
And thy celestial fire!

Send Jesus, too, for daily light,  
That all our fears may cease;  
O keep him ever in our sight;  
Our love for him increase.

And when our day of change must come;  
And mortal strength depart;  
When all the work of earth is done,  
Send sunshine on the heart.

---

### FUNERAL HYMN.

Our God, our Father, and our Friend,  
Our Comforter and Guide,  
On whom all mortal hopes depend,  
Be ever at our side.

And now, whilst grief has cast us down,  
And tears are flowing fast;  
Our saddened hearts with patience crown,  
Thy blessings on us cast.

We know not why this loss has come,  
Nor how to bear the rod,  
But teach us, through thy holy son,  
The message is from God!

And through the cloud, thy bow make known,  
And in the bow, a light!  
And may we see, around the throne,  
The lost, an angel bright!











# A FEW POEMS,

BY

*From*

C. D. BRADLEE,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH AT HARRISON SQUARE, BOSTON, MASS.

SECOND SERIES.

1880.

*P. 68*



# A FEW POEMS,

*106b. 5*  
BY  
C. D. BRADLEE,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH AT HARRISON SQUARE, BOSTON, MASS.

SECOND SERIES.

1880.

*47*





DEDICATED  
TO  
MY FRIEND AND MY FATHER'S FRIEND,  
FRANCIS J. HUMPHREY.



# CONTENTS.

---

	Page.
THE LORD'S PRAYER . . . . .	7—13
FRANCIS J. HUMPHREY . . . . .	14
MRS. HYDE . . . . .	15
MISS VIOLA WATERMAN . . . . .	16
LENT . . . . .	17
LUCY CHILD . . . . .	18
WINSLOW GAY . . . . .	19
EASTER POEM . . . . .	20
FOR THE FUNERAL OF MRS. GEO. E. KING . . . . .	21
A PRAYER . . . . .	22
FOR THE 99TH BIRTHDAY OF MRS. HEWES . . . . .	23
PRINCE ALBERT . . . . .	24
GOD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT . . . . .	25
WINSLOW LEWIS, M.D. . . . .	26
ONE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY OF MRS. HEWES . . . . .	26
A DAY LOST . . . . .	27
ALBERT THORWOLDSSEN . . . . .	28
MURILLO . . . . .	30
ELIZABETH W. EVERETT . . . . .	32
IN MEMORIAM . . . . .	33
OUR DEPARTED ONES . . . . .	34
CHRISTMAS POEM . . . . .	35
ANNIVERSARY POEM . . . . .	36

GRACE, MERCY, PEACE . . . . .	37
94TH BIRTHDAY OF MR. THADDEUS ALLEN . . . . .	38
A GENERAL AND A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE . . . . .	39
Rev. NATHANIEL HALL . . . . .	39
MY CREED . . . . .	40
PERUGINO PIETRO . . . . .	41
WHERE IS GOD ? . . . . .	42
GEORGE II. GAY, JR. . . . .	43
MISS M. A. ETHERIDGE . . . . .	44
COSMO DE MEDICI . . . . .	45
PRAYER FOR DYING ONES . . . . .	47
Hon. HENRY WILSON . . . . .	47
MRS. BAYFIELD . . . . .	48
ALL SOULS' DAY . . . . .	49
IN MEMORIAM . . . . .	50
THE NEW YEAR: THE OLD YEAR . . . . .	51
A SICK PERSON'S PRAYER . . . . .	52
BAPTISMAL HYMN . . . . .	53
TO KING HUMBERT, OF ITALY . . . . .	54
POEM . . . . .	54

# A FEW POEMS.

---

## OUR FATHER.

OUR FATHER! O that precious name  
Which brings our God so near;  
May its sweet grace our hearts inflame,  
And take away our fear!

Father! that dear and holy word,  
All filled with love and power;  
A gift, by sacred lips conferred  
At a most needy hour!

Father! yes, each of us a child  
Of the Almighty King!  
God grant our hearts, all pure and mild,  
May grateful tributes bring.

Our Father, on earth, in heaven,  
So dear throughout all time,  
To each of us let there be given  
A blessing from Thy clime!

**WHO ART IN HEAVEN.**

Who art in Heaven ! that world above,  
Where saints their Father meet ;  
That splendid land of light and love,  
And blessedness complete !

Who art in Heaven ! our future rest,  
If we on earth are true ;  
If God our souls has richly blessed,  
Made clean, and white, and new !

Who art in Heaven ! a place within  
The centre of the heart ;  
If we are ever free from sin,  
And bid all wrong depart !

Who art in Heaven ! that gracious place,  
That home of joy and peace,  
Where souls are filled with truth and grace,  
And pleasures never cease !

---

**HALLOWED BE THY NAME.**

ALL holy be thy name, and great,  
And grand, O God, we pray ;  
And O, reveal thy royal state,  
As we our homage pay.

And make us good, and pure, and kind,  
And full of truth and light;  
Of happy heart, and sacred mind,  
And steady to the right!

Each idle thought, and wicked word,  
Remove from lip and heart;  
And be thy grace on all conferred;  
And mighty love impart!

For thus we'd like to bless thy name,  
By deeds that thou'lt approve!  
We praise Thee best, with loud acclaim,  
By works of peace and love!

---

### THY KINGDOM COME.

THY Kingdom come, O Father grant,  
With glory and with power!  
No more we wish, no more we want,  
As our eternal dower!

Its peace let down, its splendor shed,  
Its beauty let us feel!  
With angel's food let us be fed,  
And mighty love reveal!

Thy Kingdom come, and chase away  
All other kingdoms, Lord!  
Be thou alone our staff and stay;  
And holy help afford.

Thy Kingdom come, through Christ the Son,  
When breath shall cease to be,  
When mortal life its race has run,  
That Kingdom let us see!

---

### THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH, AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.

THY will be done! O God, thy will,  
So sweet, so good, so pure;  
Say to each trembling heart, Be still!  
Make all, in Thee, secure.

Thy will! though darkness close us round,  
And grief is at our side;  
We'll say, while bending to the ground,  
Let God alone decide!

Thy will! though veiled, and sharp, and sad,  
And full of fire and pain;  
Thy will! for nothing can be bad,  
That will, must be our gain!

Thy will, through Christ, be always done,  
With each and every heart;  
And wilt thou, O most Holy One,  
Thy healing help impart.



**GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.**

GIVE us this day our daily bread !  
Let us by sacred truth be fed.  
'Tis bread from heaven thy children need ;  
O God, that holy bread concede !

The body wants thy daily care,  
That it may all things do and dare ;  
More strength it craves, more life, more peace,  
O God, those splendid gifts increase !

The mind is weak, and longs for light,  
And seeks for clearer, deeper sight,  
And knows that all to God must go,  
That He may gracious help bestow.

The soul is stained, and wants a cure,  
And would at once all good secure !  
O God, send bread, a grand supply,  
And hear thy children's plaintive cry !

---

**FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS, AS WE FORGIVE  
OUR DEBTORS.**

FORGIVE our debts ! O God, they 're large,  
We cannot bear the heavy charge !  
Forgive, O God, as we forgive,  
And let us in thy presence live.

As we forgive ! O teach us how !  
Humbly we stand before Thee now,  
And know how hard to look away  
From wrongs that meet us, day by day.

Make us, O God, right good and kind,  
And let no anger stir the mind ;  
And as we hope thy grace to feel,  
Teach us our temper to conceal !

Almighty God, forgive and bless,  
And fill us with thy righteousness !  
Patient and gentle let us be,  
And filled with peace, by thy decree !

---

**LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT  
DELIVER US FROM EVIL.**

O FATHER, do not let us go  
In ways of sin, and paths of woe ;  
But save us all from shame and wrong,  
And let us all to Thee belong !

May hands and hearts be kept away  
From all things tainted with decay !  
And make us ever brave and true,  
And really glad thy work to do !

If dangers come, and foes arise,  
And we are filled with pains and sighs,

O send at once thy mighty aid,  
And do not let us be dismayed !

For bold we'll stand, when God is near,  
We'll have no dread, and feel no fear ;  
Thy Rod and Staff will keep us right,  
And make us victors in the fight !

---

**FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE  
POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOREVER  
AND EVER, AMEN.**

O God, the Kingdom shall be thine !  
And ever shall thy glory shine !  
Thy power is grand ; thy truth so bright,  
That it will fill us all with light !

Thy law is good, thy mercy sure,  
And thou wilt help us to endure  
All things that come, from day to day,  
To shade our path, and hedge our way.

And may our lips be filled with praise,  
And in our hearts O let us raise  
A holy tribute to thy name !  
O God, light up the grateful flame !

And then the prayer the Lord has taught,  
Which o'er our souls a rest has brought,  
Will fill those souls with peace and love,  
And fix their gaze on Heaven above !

## FRANCIS J. HUMPHREY.

1812.

*May 17.*

1880.

ALL hail, my friend, a holy cheer,  
On this, your natal day!  
May all things bright and good appear,  
We do most humbly pray.

In childhood's hour we knew your name,  
In the old ark, our home,  
Where with your bird-like voice you came,—  
Our parents bade you come.

And when in later life we met,  
Old friendships were renewed;  
And 'round the past we linger yet,  
With trembling eyes bedewed!

We both have parted with the true,  
We both have said "Good-bye,"  
And holy angels watch us too,  
And linger often nigh!

This sacred hour we will rejoice  
For all that God has given,  
And with a gladsome, hopeful voice,  
Will turn our eyes to Heaven.

All hail again, this birthday thine;  
With joy and trust go on!  
Long may it be ere life decline,  
And mortal work be done!

## MRS. HYDE.

1795.

*June 27.*

1880.

WE welcome you, our honored one,  
As five and eighty years are won,  
    This holy day !  
Our prayers rise up to God in love,  
That mighty blessings from above  
    May crown your way.

Your friendship we have prized indeed,  
In hours of joy and times of need,  
    A glorious dower !  
In Church and home we've joined the hand  
In fellowship right true and grand,  
    A massive tower !

Long may our lives on earth be spared,  
Loud be our mutual love declared,  
    That all may hear !  
And when at last the trump shall sound,  
And we the end of life have found,  
    We 'll have no fear.

And when we meet in God's own home,  
And when we've heard the Savior's " Come,"  
    We'll still be one !  
Nothing shall break our union true !  
O Father, make it fresh and new,  
    Through Christ, the Son !

## IN MEMORIAM.

**Miss VIOLA WATERMAN.**

ALL true and noble, holy, pure,  
Patient and gentle, strong;  
In faith, and trust, and love secure,  
Our hearts did round thee throng!

Ready for all, the cross to take,  
As counsellor and friend;  
All private aims thou didst forsake,  
Thy blessings to extend.

The young looked up to thee with pride,  
At once gave up the heart;  
It mattered not what might betide,  
If thou didst peace impart.

And parents gave unto thy care  
The little ones so dear,  
And knew full well that thou would'st share  
In every joy and fear.

When thou wert sick, all hearts did ache,  
And prayers went up to God  
That He might spare thy life, and take  
Away the heavy rod.

But God knew best, and now we weep,  
We see thy face no more!  
To Him who wakes thee out of sleep,  
We bow in solemn awe.

All safe with Him, the God of all,  
In glory art thou crowned ;  
And thou hast heard the final call,  
And angel robes hast found.

Farewell ! farewell ! we 'll meet again,  
Where all our cares shall cease ;  
And we must say a sad amen !  
O God, our faith increase !

---

### LENT.

For forty days and nights, our Lord  
Passed out from mortal sight !  
And as the sacred men record,  
Stood firmly by the right !

No Satan's arts could change his will,  
No tempter's wiles mislead ;  
He kept his heart serenely still.  
In the great hour of need.

" Get thee behind me," cried he loud  
To the false offers made ;  
And on his soul there came no cloud,  
As he God's voice obeyed !

So all upheld by his command,  
And guided by his grace,  
Must ever hold his gracious hand,  
And gaze upon his face !

**LUCY CHILD.**

OUR friend has passed away to God,  
Her work is done below ;  
And now held up by Staff and Rod,  
She all things grand will know.

Faithful were all her deeds and ways,  
Gentle and true her heart ;  
Right nobly has she passed her days,  
For Christ has been her chart.

She loved to do her very best,  
And tried to help us all,  
And, by the Rock of Ages blest,  
Her peace on us did fall.

When sickness came, she bowed her head,  
And said, Thy will be done !  
Prostrate and helpless, on her bed  
A mighty grace was won.

Friends beloved stood around and near,  
And helped her bear the blow ;  
She filled them all with holy cheer,  
And sweet content did show.

But now she's gone where joy is found,  
She waits for us Above,  
And stands on consecrated ground,  
Saved by a God of Love.



IN MEMORIAM.  
**WINSLOW GAY,**  
*September 7, 1877.*

AGAIN the voice of God is here;  
Another dear one sleeps;  
Yet God knows best, we will not fear,  
For He the loved one keeps.

Father, help us in this our grief;  
A double blow thou'st given!  
Oh, send thy voice, a sure relief,  
Right from the throne of heaven.

Say, "Peace, be still!" "Be of good cheer!"  
The cloud shall soon depart,  
If God and Christ are surely near,  
And gracious aid impart.

Open ajar the gates above,  
Let angels come and go,  
All filled with peace and light and love,  
To chase away our woe.

And in this band, oh, may we see  
The two\* who've passed away,  
That now, by thine all-wise decree,  
Have found eternal day!

Their voice we'd hear, their presence feel,  
And know that all is right,  
And though they must their forms conceal,  
Give us a spirit sight!

\* GEORGE HENRY GAY, Jr., ob. June 12, 1877.  
WINSLOW GAY, ob. Sept. 5, 1877.

But God knows best, to Him we leave  
Our cries, our wants, our tears;  
And all his blows in peace receive,  
And banish all our fears.

---

### EASTER POEM.

CHRIST has risen, O earth rejoice,  
Utter forth a glorious voice  
To God, the King!  
And we shall rise, the truth is grand,  
O spread it wide throughout the land,  
And praises sing!

Christ has risen, and death no more  
Can bind us to the earthly shore,  
And chain the soul!  
But time will yield itself a slave,  
And an eternal mercy crave,  
And lose control!

Christ has risen, and so shall all  
Who at his feet, repentant, fall,  
Arise to peace!  
And in that world of light above,  
Where God and Christ will reign in love,  
All care shall cease!

Christ has risen, and death has fled,  
And God a mighty grace will shed  
On all who pray!  
Awake, each soul, and seek the light,  
And bless the Lord for thoughts so bright,  
This Easter day!

PREPARED FOR THE FUNERAL OF MRS.  
GEORGE E. KING.

SHE was gentle, loving, and true,  
And brave unto the last;  
And ever tried all things to do  
That to her lot were cast.

When sickness came, without a sigh  
She took the burden up;  
And hardly asked the reason why  
God sent the fatal cup!

Weak, and more weak, she seemed to grow,  
We hoped, we feared, we prayed!  
The future none of us could know,  
And yet we felt afraid!

But she, a long while, saw the end,  
And kept the secret still;  
And knew that God would safe defend  
And save her from all ill.

At last the message quickly came;  
It found her strangely calm,  
And in her heart a holy flame  
That kept off all alarm.

She bid farewell to dear ones near;  
A kiss of trust and love!  
And went to God without a fear,  
Embosomed in his love.

We'll say, O God, "Thy will be done,"  
Though tears are falling fast;  
And grant through Jesus Christ, thy Son,  
We all may meet at last.

---

### A PRAYER.

OUR Father guide,  
Our ways decide,  
This day!  
To thee we come,  
Make us at home,  
We pray!

Give us thy light;  
Show us the right;  
Help now!  
Needy we cry,  
Hear thou our sigh,  
And vow!

Our sins forgive,  
And let us live  
All pure,  
And when we sleep  
In death, us keep  
Secure!

## FOR THE 99th BIRTHDAY OF MRS. HEWES.

*April 22nd, 1877.*

IN one year more, a hundred years  
Our friend beloved will see!  
A time, how filled with joys and fears,  
A sacred harmony.

The past, how dear to one so old;  
The present, O how grand!  
And what shall future years unfold  
By God's all wise command?

We cannot tell how soon may come  
The order to depart!  
When God shall give another home  
To that true loving heart.

But this we know, she waits God's will,  
And stands upon her guard!  
And keeps her faith all calm and still,  
And calls no message hard.

God grant we meet twelve months to-day,  
Her century to greet!  
It is for Him alone to say,  
Whose mercies are complete.

To Him, in Christ, we lift our praise,  
Who orders all things well;  
He the holiest hopes will raise,  
The gravest fears dispel.

## PRINCE ALBERT,

*Of Saxe Coburg and Gotha; Long the Consort of H. R. M. Victoria,  
Queen of England and Empress of India.*

MANY years in the past there went from earth  
A mind and a soul of celestial birth;  
Awhile this mighty power remained below,  
And genial light did everywhere bestow;  
In two Countries was sent a holy flame,  
And hearts all round the world gave loud acclaim!

PRINCE ALBERT is the one of whom we speak,  
He was learned, true, holy, brave and meek;  
From budding youth, the highest aims he sought,  
And by his love the gentlest deeds were wrought.  
Royal in name, he had a regal soul,  
And kept upon himself a strict control.

At proper age, in manhood's sacred power,  
In God's own time, at an auspicious hour,  
VICTORIA of England took his hand,  
And led him to her own delightful land!  
Here two, like as one, walked the road of life,  
Full of the best counsels, with wisdom rife.

But one sad day, the Prince, beloved of all,  
Heard from the world above, the Father's call,  
Wrapped the mantle of peace around his heart,  
Was ready, as God said so, to depart!  
But Oh, the grief of *one* whose love was deep,  
Her heart was broken, when he went to sleep!

But *now* he surely lives, and grows more strong,  
And all his goodness does around us throng;  
His influence will help, whilst time shall last;  
His gentle spirit on us all will cast  
A sweetness, a grace, and a holy calm,  
That over earth and Heaven will throw a charm!

---

### GOD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

GOD saw the nations sweeping by,  
And heard the people's anguished cry,  
"O give us light!"  
Out of the skies he sent a babe,  
The humble child in manger laid,  
A striking sight!

Wise men and shepherds marched to see,  
And to the babe they bent the knee,  
And presents gave!  
A "star" stood where the child was found,  
And all the place seemed holy ground,  
To men so grave.

But *now* that child is Lord and King,  
And unto all will blessings bring,  
Who hear his voice!  
He asks of each and all the heart,  
And ever will his grace impart;  
O world rejoice!

## IN MEMORIAM.

**DR. WINSLOW LEWIS.\***

He's gone from us, he's seen the "Eye,"  
 The eye that ne'er grows dim!  
 The "Architect" of earth and sky  
 Will ever hallow him.

He stands beneath the "Arch" of love,  
 Is spared all future pain!  
 He meets the Seraphim above,  
 Has found eternal gain.

He's "square" with man and cleansed by God,  
 A "temple" of the King!  
 And now held up by "Staff" and "Rod,"  
 His vespers will he sing.

The Grand Master who rules o'er all,  
 Now covers him with light!  
 And at his "Altar" does he fall,  
 Where all is pure and bright.

**100th BIRTHDAY OF MRS. HEWES.**

1778.

1878.

GLORY to God, our friend is spared  
 A century to greet!  
 And God in mercy has declared  
 This wondrous time complete!

\* Dr. WINSLOW LEWIS was P. G. Master of the Massachusetts Lodge of  
 Free and Accepted Masons.



Glory to God, for grace so given,  
And love so richly shed ;  
For all the light that came from Heaven,  
By which our friend was led !

Glory to God, for trials too,  
That disciplined her heart,  
And made her faith all strong and true,  
And did great grace impart !

Glory to God, for coming days,  
Through Jesus Christ, the Son !  
And let us all our prayers upraise  
For this dear aged one !

---

### A DAY LOST.

(A Roman Emperor says, "that day is lost on which some good deed is not performed.")

O COUNT that day lost that sees no duty done ;  
No brave battles fought, and no victories won ;  
No great sins put down, no mighty truths attained ;  
No base passions lost, no solid virtues gained.

O count that day lost that finds thee not awake,  
And ready for all things good for Jesus' sake.  
Day lost indeed, unless thou'rt ashamed to stay  
Where thorns and thistles disfigure all the way.

O count that day lost that leads thee not to God,  
Hard though be the pains, and sharp though be the rod ;  
That finds thee not the more holy and more strong,  
And afraid of nothing but the path of wrong.

1770.

1879.

## ALBERT THORWALDSEN.\*

*Dedicated to H. R. M. Christian, King of Denmark.*

IN seventeen seventy, do we see  
 One took his birth by an all-wise decree,  
 Near Raisciawich town, made famous then,  
 Because God sent the infant Thorwaldsen!  
 And could the people have his future seen,  
 His brow they'd crowned with "laurel evergreen"!

The "Academy of Arts" took the child,  
 So gentle, true, and pure and undefiled,  
 When only twelve, and gave him for a guard  
 And teacher, the famous Abildgaard!  
 Five years later, a silver prize he won,  
 For faithful service given and work well done.

In two years more, when nineteen years of age,  
 A gold medal came to this youthful sage,  
 For a learned piece that he had written  
 Of one† who was from the temple driven!  
 So, too, he took a prize at twenty-three,  
 Five hundred thalers his, by wise decree!

In seventeen ninety-six, he, at Rome,  
 Made for himself with joy a genial home,  
 Yet hardly knew what in the world to try:  
 Painting and statuary charmed his eye,—

\* ALBERT THORWALDSEN was born near Raisciawich, Denmark, Nov. 19, 1770, and died in Copenhagen, March 25, 1844.

† HELIODORUS.

But works in the Vatican did he meet  
That made him strive with sculptors to compete.

“Jason” was the first piece that gave him fame,  
Thomas Hope the man who made known his name ;  
Copies from the Greek brought him mighty power ;  
He had the praise of all in genial shower,—  
But, for the greater token of his hand,  
See the statue of Christ, so true and grand !

See the Apostles, too, and the “preaching  
Of St. John” ! all these the people teaching !  
And Pius the Seventh did almost speak  
As he his form with skill from stone did break ;  
And other works his genius led to birth,  
Which, by his art, have glorified the earth !

King Frederick made him a noble too,  
And other nations sent him honors new ;  
And everywhere came glories thick and fast  
That by loving hearts on his name were cast ;  
So that he reached the highest point of power,  
And, ’mongst all artists, was a massive tower !

From Copenhagen he went up to God,  
Was quickly called by death’s unyielding rod ;  
Sad was the year, in eighteen forty-four,  
When Thorwaldsen was on the earth no more !  
Kings wept, and all men bowed in bitter grief,  
As that mighty sentinel found relief !

1617.

1880.

**MURILLO.\****Dedicated to the King and Queen of Spain.*

IN Spain's fair land, and many years ago,  
At Seville, came the famous Murillo;  
A gifted child from his earliest age,  
Good and modest, gentle and pure and sage,  
With all his artistic powers strong and great,  
By "Castillo" nourished to royal state  
With "Moya" and "Cano" to stir him up,  
To take from coming fame the fullest cup.

.

When twenty years of age, with skilful hand,  
Two Madonnas sprang forth at his command,  
That proved a genius resting in his brain,  
Which a deeper study would guide and train,  
And to Madrid, friendless and poor he went;  
Three years of hardest work, he richly spent,  
Helped by Velasquez, a most noble friend,  
Whose favors only with his life did end.

In sixteen forty-five, he thought it best  
Once more at home his mighty powers to test;  
Little by little did he grow more grand,  
Bringing fresh glory to his native land;  
That he might increase his power more and more,  
He steered his bark to wedlock's holy shore;

\* The royal thanks of the King of Spain were sent in recognition of this poem.

Dona Solomayor became his wife,  
And made him rich and noble all his life !

It was in sixteen forty-eight he wed,  
And to the Church the best of women led ;  
And he stood confessed in just six years more,  
The leading painter on the Spanish shore ;  
The last work he gave to a waiting world,  
That celestial beauty and love unfurled,  
Was St. Catherine,—a betrothal too,  
That started wonders great and praises new.

On April third, in sixteen eighty-two,  
God plainly said, " There's nothing more to do " ;  
He fell asleep, and went to joy above,  
Was blessed and crowned by the Almighty's love ;  
And all the people felt a holy one  
Had left his work on earth right grandly done ;  
Then farewell Murillo, a long farewell,  
To loving hearts thy virtues will we tell.

And to Spain's King and Queen, thy name we give,  
Praying its mighty grace with them may live,  
And to their reign a holy treasure prove,  
Covering all their steps with peace and love !  
And whilst their Kingdom's watched by thee in Heaven,  
Thou in all the Churches has left a leaven  
That must bring joy, and light, and splendid power,  
And shed great blessings in a genial shower.

## IN MEMORIAM.

ELIZABETH W. EVERETT,

(Wife of P. L. EVERETT, Esq.)

Ob. Feb. 22, 1875.

*"Wife," "Mother," "Daughter," "Friend."*

O God, why? Wilt Thou tell us why?  
It is not for us to say;  
Yet hear Thou now the heart's sharp cry,  
As we miss the wife to-day.

O God, why? Still Thy way is best,  
Whilst we wonder, weep, adore!  
"And wilt Thou give our Mother rest?"  
The dear children now implore.

O God, why? Still we know 'tis love!  
We will wait in trust and peace!  
Whilst parents ask, for child above,  
The care that will never cease.

O God, why? Ah, large numbers cry  
O, why hast Thou sent this blow?  
Yet none can tell the reason why!  
It is not for us to know!

But unto Thee, through Christ, the Son,  
Yield we up the stricken will;  
And let us hear, O Gracious One,  
Out of the cloud, "Peace, be still!"

## IN MEMORIAM.

THY will be done ! this is our cry  
In our repeated blows !  
For peace with Thee, O God, most high,  
And grace with mercy flows.

Thy will must make the dark all bright,  
And take all care away ;  
And prove to all, Thy way is right,  
And be a staff and stay !

With Thee, a mother\* rests in peace,  
By dear ones gone before ;  
And daily will her love increase  
On that eternal shore.

And brother,† too, was quickly called  
To leave this world of pain ;  
And, whilst our hearts were all enthralled,  
Then thou didst call again !

And father‡ went to Thee above,  
Whilst lonely we are left ;  
O help thou those, thou God of love,  
Whom thou hast so bereft !

\*Mrs. Dutton,

†H. W. Dutton, Jr.

‡H. W. Dutton, Sen. All passed to God within a few weeks.

Thy will! Ah, only what is best  
We know thou wilt impart;  
For ever dost thou grant thy rest  
Unto the broken heart.

April 15, 1875.

---

### OUR DEPARTED ONES.

STRANGE murmurs from the other land,  
Strike right across the heart;  
And all around, a spirit band,  
Their cheering light impart.

Voices that were hushed long ago,  
Again arouse our soul;  
And the tears will unbidden flow,  
As echoes round us roll.

Yes, with us by faith's sacred call,  
And by hope's blessed way!  
They will visit us, each and all,  
By night, as well as day.

It is an inward power they bring,  
These dear ones from above!  
It is in angel tones they sing,  
All full of peace and love!

Along with Jesus at our side,  
Their constant help they give;  
And they in Him all trust confide!  
So would they have us live.



## CHRISTMAS POEM.

HEARTS waited for the natal day,  
When sin and shame would fly away,  
    And Christ be born!  
Law would not light and peace impart,  
And calm and sanctify the heart,  
    No peace did dawn!

Prophets spoke of a better time,  
When beauty would on Zion shine,  
    And joy arise!  
Almighty God did tarry long,  
And faith was weak that once was strong,  
    And deep the sighs!

But all at once a Star appeared,  
And those rejoiced who once had feared,  
    For Christ had come!  
Though the Lord in a manger laid,  
In glory great He was arrayed,  
    The world His home.

But now, how strange, we seek Him not,  
How soon by human hearts forgot,  
    And set aside!  
O God, this holy Christmas morn,  
Again let Jesus Christ be born,  
    *Within* reside.

And when our human race is run,  
And all our mortal work is done,  
    Let Jesus reign !  
Our souls may Jesus take and keep,  
And wake us up from death, called sleep,  
    And all reclaim.

---

### ANNIVERSARY POEM.

THY children gathered here in love  
Would look, O God, to thee above ;  
    For grace would pray !  
Enrich our mind, inspire our heart,  
And unto each and all impart  
    True peace, this day !

While flowers we bring with earnest praise,  
We would to thee our cry upraise  
    For strength and light !  
O help us by thy mighty hand,  
And make us all, by thy command,  
    Pursue the right !

May all we say, and think, and do,  
Be earnest, sacred, holy, true,  
    And filled with power !  
Let glory now from Heaven descend,  
Let angel-guards our Church defend,  
    And bless this hour !

**GRACE, MERCY, PEACE.**

---

**A SUPPLICATION.**

---

GRACE, mercy, peace, O Father, send,  
As we, thy humble children, bend,  
In love and trust, before thy throne,  
And all thy faithful goodness own.

Thy grace, that all our fears may fly,  
That hushed may be the sinner's sigh;  
And all our hopes, in joy, arise  
To thee, the God of earth and skies.

Let Mercy, too, procure us rest,  
The grandest of thy gifts confessed;  
And may we all, in trusting love,  
Gain all our strength from thee above.

O let thy Peace begin to tread  
On weary hearts, by folly led;  
That we renewed, may find a light  
That keeps us steady to the right.

All this we ask through Christ, the Son,  
Our truest Friend, thy chosen One!  
And grant our prayer, O God, we crave,  
For thou alone hast power to save.

## 94th BIRTHDAY OF MR. THADDEUS ALLEN.

To day Mr. Thaddeus Allen, father of Mr. Joseph H. Allen, clerk of the South Boston Municipal Court, and of Mr. James Allen of the City Registrar's Office, celebrates his 94th birthday. The venerable gentleman steps about town every day as erect as a man of 40, and is a loyal and devoted Republican. Two years ago Mr. Allen was confined to his bed for several weeks, lying most of the time apparently in a calm sleep and unconscious of pain. His family daily expected his dissolution, but he rose with renewed strength, and has now as rosy a complexion as a blooming maiden. He will receive his friends this afternoon and evening at his residence on F street. At an early hour this morning he had several congratulatory callers. To-night Mr. Joseph H. Allen will read the following verses, composed by Rev. C. D. Bradlee, of Harrison Square, and former pastor of the patriarch.

1786.

94.

1880.

*May 14th.*

NINETY-FOUR years, thy child, O Lord,  
 Has spent his life on earth,  
 And would with thanks this day record  
 Thy mercies from his birth.

His joys, from thy bestowing hand,  
 Have lighted up his days ;  
 His cares, by thine all-wise command,  
 Have sanctified his ways.

And still he asks for guidance true,  
 Through Jesus Christ, thy Son ;  
 And ever would his faith renew  
 In him, the " Holy One."

And when, O Lord, the bell shall ring  
 That calls him up to thee,  
 Oh, then may holy angels sing  
 Their welcome jubilee !

**A GENERAL AND A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.**

God is around and with us all the time,  
Making the soul a most glorious clime;  
Watching o'er the heart with a mighty power,  
And keeping it from danger, hour by hour.  
A general Providence, in the sky;  
A special Providence, and strangely nigh!  
We love to think He rules by laws so old  
The years they 've lasted, none can now unfold.  
And yet we feel so mighty is his love,  
Each name is written in the "Book" above.  
God wound up the world from the start, we know,  
But *each day* his life makes it onward go.  
I see Him ruling on the throne of light!  
I know each hour He makes my life more bright.  
I do not lose my God in the dim space,  
Every instant I feel his blessed grace.

---

IN MEMORIAM.

**REV. NATHANIEL HALL.**

He has gone to a holy rest;  
In Heaven, an angel now;  
All robed in light, amongst the blest,  
A crown upon his brow.

He was all peaceable and good,  
True, and holy, and pure!  
Nourished on earth by angels' food,  
With faith in God secure.

Gone now, we know, to greater peace,  
Still with a God of love;  
Never shall his influence cease  
To lure our souls above.

Farewell, dear pastor, brother, friend !  
Not, not gone forever.  
Our ways attend, our steps defend,  
Sacred presence ever.

---

### MY CREED.

To GOD I look, the Judge of all,  
My Father and my King !  
While at his feet I humbly fall,  
And grateful praises bring.

In Christ I trust, God's Son, I know,  
The life, the truth, the way ;  
And in whatever place I go  
My solace and my stay !

God's Spirit is my comfort sure,  
In all the steps I take ;  
And all things I can well endure,  
If that my conscience wake !

The " Holy Book," God's blessed truth,  
Is all the " creed " I know ;  
My help and light from early youth,  
My peace in joy and woe.

1446.

1879

## PERUGINO PIETRO.

Perugino Pietro was born in Citta Della Pièvè, Italy, in 1446, and died in 1524.

At Citta Della Pièvè. one day

In fourteen forty-six, God gave to earth  
A little one, for whom there seemed no way  
To break through want that hedged his birth;  
No room for hope, no kindling ray.

Perugino Pietro was the child

And grand Italian shores his native land,  
And some holy angel, all good and mild,  
Came down from Heaven with gracious wand,  
And marked him great and undefiled.

First in Perugia he learned his trade,

And there he marched towards a glory true;  
But Florence soon a claim upon him made,  
And asked for gifts both bright and new!  
And he at once with joy obeyed.

His works are seen in every famous place,

At Siena, Vallombrosa, and Rome;  
Florence and Perugia feel their grace;  
Ah! everywhere he was at home;  
Not any spot could he disgrace!

Pupils he took and taught them grandly well,

And all their names are heard throughout the world;  
Poets their praises and sweet love do tell,  
Flags of all nations are unfurled;  
All stand mute, by their magic spell.

The noble Raphael was one he taught,  
And that clear soul was prostrate at his feet!  
And what strange wonders such a mind has wrought;  
What mighty power is thus complete,  
What splendid blessings thus are brought!

Perugino in fifteen twenty-four  
Passed away forever from mortal sight,  
And his holy genius shall shine no more,  
Nor shed its gracious charming light,  
On our all-changing, fading shore!

---

**WHERE IS GOD,  
and how can we find Him?**

CAN any one tell where our God may be found?  
Has He left anywhere, a mark or a sound?  
Is He high up in Heaven, above the blue sky,  
Looking down on us all, and counting each sigh?

Or is He here with us, and almost in sight,  
And ever quite near us, by day and by night?  
Or is He right in us, and close to the heart,  
A light and a strength, and a peace, and a chart?

He is beyond us, and above the blue sky;  
He is at our side, and will always seem nigh;  
And He fills the whole soul of all who do well, -  
And right gracious truths to his children will tell!

But how can we find Him, and where is his home?  
He is known in one way, through Jesus He'll come!  
And those who make Jesus their trust and their light,  
Will find the dear Father, all safe and all right!



## GEORGE H. GAY, JR.

*June 14, 1877.*

SAD are the hearts met here to-day,  
And heavy is our grief;  
Be thou, O God, the light and way  
Unto a sure relief.

In prime of life, at manhood's hour,  
This heavy blow has come;  
And parents dear did feel thy power,  
When thou didst call him home.

They loved him much, they hardly know  
Why they should give him up!  
But wilt thou, Father, gently show  
How they shall drink the cup?

And let them look right through the gate  
That leads to Thee above;  
And may they see his royal state  
All hallowed by thy love.

And guardian angel let him be  
Over their home and heart;  
May he by thine all-wise decree,  
A daily grace impart.

Let father, mother, brothers dear,  
All bow unto thy will;  
And calm each thought, and stay each fear,  
And speak thy "Peace, be still!"

O God, at last, unite us all  
Where no more tears are shed;  
And let thy love upon us fall;  
May we by grace be fed.

---

MISS M. A. ETHERIDGE.

1800.

*June 11th.*

1880.

WE greet you, friend, this holy night,  
When eighty years are yours by right,  
And pray that God his peace may send  
And mighty blessings without end.

From early years we've seen your face,  
And felt your friendship, by God's grace!  
Our parents, too, no longer here,  
Were bound by bonds forever dear.

A gracious band, above, below,  
Do now their sacred peace bestow;  
And saints on earth, and saints above,  
Give tokens of their tender love.

So heart with heart, and hand in hand,  
We'll pass our days, by God's command;  
And stand on guard, till called away  
Where care shall cease, and night is day.

## COSMO DE MEDICI.\*

1389.

1879.

OUT from the shadows of the past, we find  
 Great minds and souls, both noble and refined,  
 Richer far than our common mortal life,  
 With splendid gains, and mighty glories rife,  
 That send an echo bounding through all time  
 And in every age have a genial clime!

In thirteen eighty-nine God gave us all  
 Cosmo, on whom His mighty grace did fall,  
 Whose spirit seemed to have a lasting light,  
 That no eclipse of time could shroud with night!  
 He came to needy hearts a peace to bring,  
 And made the weakened ones rejoice and sing!

First a Prior of Florence he was made,  
 And in robes of office with joy arrayed;  
 And he ruled with skill, and was brave and true,—  
 In sound judgment was equalled by but few!  
 As "Banker" too, and master of finance,  
 To make a fortune he improved his chance.

His house was regal, and he oped his door  
 To artists, and all who were skilled in lore;  
 Even from Greece, to him they fled for care,—  
 Of his large comforts had a blessed share;

\* Thanks were sent from HUMBERT 1st, the King of Italy, on the reception of this poem.

His love a refuge was to all who came,—  
By his goodness he glorified his name!

In fourteen forty-three, a mighty change  
Gave to his massive soul a larger range;  
For rulers new, seizing the power of state,  
Sent a great cloud awhile upon his fate,  
And banished too he was away from home;  
In unfamiliar spots he had to roam.

At Venice he lived for about a year,  
Giving to all his friends a holy cheer;  
The same heart in exile was daily seen,  
And all the struggling ones his love did screen!  
Not long was he allowed to be away,  
And much holier counsels soon had sway.

He was called back in fourteen forty-four,  
And ruled his people thirty years or more;  
Such splendor and dignity did he show,  
All things prosperous to those lands did flow,  
And good old Florence stood in honor high,  
And loomed up in glory to every eye!

In fourteen sixty-four he went to God,—  
Was struck out from earth by death's mystic rod.  
"Father of his country" was called by all,—  
Honors heavy upon his name did fall;  
And ever since the echoes of his love  
Have filled the earth beneath and Heaven above!

**PRAYER FOR DYING ONES.**

ALL trembling on the bridge of time,  
Thy children waiting stand ;  
Wilt thou, Father, a holy chime  
Send from the promised land.

All wearied with the race of life,  
Soon to cross the river ;  
Thy children in this mighty strife,  
Lord, wilt thou deliver ?

All faint and sick, yet strong in love,  
These pilgrims on life's brink,  
Look up to Thee, their King above !  
O do not let them shrink.

But take their hand, and shield their heart,  
And fill them with thy peace ;  
And do thou mighty aid impart,  
As mortal life shall cease.

---

**IN MEMORIAM.****Hon. HENRY WILSON,***Vice-President of the United States.*

HE was brave, honest, good and true,  
Holy, and just, and kind ;  
Equalled on earth by very few,  
Having a master mind.

From humble ranks, with power he rose  
To stations high and grand;  
Each place he filled did grace disclose,  
And genius at command.

With face alight, and words at will,  
And voice all clear and strong,  
He did the crowd with wonder fill,  
Holding no truce with wrong.

And when at last the summons came,  
To which we all must yield,  
It met him at the height of fame,  
Right on the battle field.

Farewell, thou mighty one and great,  
Thy work is nobly done!  
We weep, and watch, and mourn, and wait;  
But thou all peace hast won.

---

IN MEMORIAM.

**MRS. BAYFIELD.**

OUR loved one is at home to-day;  
She rests in peace with God;  
And Christ, the rock, shall be her stay,  
Her life, her staff, her rod!

No more shall pain her steps attend,  
Nor weariness oppress;  
For angels will her way defend,  
And nothing can distress.

A crown is placed upon her brow ;  
Her soul is clothed in peace ;  
And visions holy bless her now,  
That never can decrease.

She who on earth spread gracious light,  
And peace, and strength, and love,  
Has found a record sure and bright,  
In the great " Book " above.

God welcomes her an angel born ;  
Freed spirits grasp her hand ;  
And he, our Lord, who calmed the storm,  
Does holy rest command.

Farewell, thou tried one, gentle, true,  
Affectionate and kind !  
We now in tears thy life review,  
And sterling virtues find.

---

### ALL-SOULS' DAY.

COME back, ye dear ones, loved by all,  
Come back, this " All-Souls' Day,"  
And hear the heart's devoted call,  
And with us briefly stay.

Come, prophets, martyrs of the past,  
Apostles of the Lord,  
All gracious blessings on us cast,  
And mighty help afford !

Come, wife and husband, parent, child,  
Brother, sister and friend,  
With garments white and undefiled;  
Our waiting hearts defend!

Tell us that you are safe with God;  
Fill us with holy peace;  
Give one and all a staff and rod,  
And Oh, our faith increase.

Lead us to Christ, the gracious King,  
Your guide, our life and light!  
And to each saddened heart, O bring  
A new and blessed sight!

---

### IN MEMORIAM.

My heart is sad to-day, I know not why,  
Save a few days ago a star did fall,  
And light and joy were gone from heart and eye,  
And shadows seemed to creep on one and all!

Sick ones wept aloud for the friend no more  
To meet them in the hour of want and pain,  
For the one who had left the earthly shore,  
Whom in the flesh they ne'er should greet again.

Those who joined in his daily deeds of love,  
Who sought his help, to whom he looked for light,  
Gazed sadly at the open gate above,  
As, all at once, he vanished from their sight.



All those that knew him well, at home, abroad,  
 Cheered by his word, and guided by his skill,  
 Were bowed in grief, as summoned by the Lord,  
 Higher he went, a greater place to fill !

My heart is sad to-day, but God knows best  
 Why one so dear to all was called away  
 From things of time, to peace, and love, and rest,  
 And all the splendors of eternal day.

---

**THE NEW YEAR.**

1876.

THE Old year is going,—“good-bye,” let us say,  
 To its joys and its griefs that haunt us this day !  
 The New Year is coming,—“All hail,” let us cry,  
 And fresh rules of our lives again let us try.

The Old Year is going, and sad is our heart ;  
 With work but half finished, we from it must part.  
 The New Year is coming, again we will pray  
 We may round off each task as God gives the day.

The Old Year is going, God wipe off the wrong  
 That to each one's heart does most surely belong !  
 The New Year is coming, God speed on the right,  
 And flood our poor souls with his all-cleansing light !

The Old Year is going, farewell to our friend !  
 Grand was thy coming, and most calm is thy end.  
 The New Year comes quickly, we hope for the best !  
 We'll do all we can, and trust God for the rest.

**A SICK PERSON'S PRAYER.**

LORD, cure me by thy healing hand;  
Thy gracious aid bring near;  
And all my pains wilt thou command  
At once to disappear!

Spare thou my life for many years;  
All weakness take away;  
Anoint my hopes, dismiss my fears;  
Thy holy power display!

And when I shall again get well,  
And feel my strength return,  
All foolish doubts wilt thou dispel;  
Let faith within me burn!

Refresh my heart, and bless my will,  
And make me wholly Thine;  
And daily on my soul distil  
Thy holy dew, divine!

And thus through sickness make me strong  
In body, soul and mind;  
For unto thee does grace belong,  
And thou art always kind!

**BAPTISMAL HYMN.**

HELEN CURTIS BRADLEE, JACOB WELD SEAVER, and SUSAN SEAVER,  
received baptism at the hands of REV. E. E. HALE, Dec. 25th, 1875.

The following Hymn was written in commemoration of the event.

O God, on this, a holy day,  
Dear ones to Thee we give;  
Be thou their guide, and staff, and stay,  
Whilst they on earth shall live.

Their steps attend, their way defend,  
And cover them with light:  
And may thy love in peace descend,  
And glorify their sight.

Christ's chosen ones, O may they prove,  
And let them comfort all;  
And in their lives thy spirit move,  
And grace upon them fall.

May near and dear ones, now with Thee,  
Be angels at their side;  
Watching their souls by thy decree,  
And ever near abide.

And when their earthly race is run,  
And life below shall cease,  
O, with the Father and the Son,  
Grant them eternal peace!

**TO KING HUMBERT, OF ITALY.**

AFTER THE DEATH OF VICTOR IMMANUEL.

ALL hail, King Humbert, to the royal throne;  
Grief that through tears, the mighty place you've won;  
Joy for the splendid power that now you wield,  
Whilst on a bier we place our loving shield!

Great work and glorious you have to do,  
Grand powers are given sovereigns brave and true.  
Long may thy reign be, ever strong and wise,  
Late be the day that calls thee to the skies.

From many souls do earnest prayers ascend,  
That noblest blessings may thy steps attend.  
"God bless the King and Queen," do many crave,  
And daily all their steps from danger save.

---

**POEM.**

WE have but one Leader, Christ Jesus, the Lord,  
We'll join in his praises with gracious accord;  
May all Churches love the one Guide to proclaim,  
And write on their banners the Saviour's blest name.

With Jesus as Leader, Defender, and Guide,  
The other great doctrines we will not decide;  
But we'll leave to each Church its own special plea,  
And each one shall speak it as each one shall see.

We'll all look to Heaven as a right blessed home,  
We'll all do our best whilst on earth we shall roam;  
We'll love one another forever and aye;  
And "God bless all Churches" we daily will pray.













## GOD KNOWS BEST.

——  
BY C. D. BRADLEE.  
——

My God knows best ! through all my days  
This is my comfort and my rest,  
My trust, my peace, my solemn praise,  
That God knows all, and God knows best.

My God knows best ! That is my chart ;  
This thought to me is always blest ;  
It hallows and it soothes my heart,  
For all is well, and God knows best.

My God knows best ! then tears may fall ;  
In His great heart I'll find my nest ;  
For He, my God, is over all,  
And He is love, and He knows best.



Prepared by C. D. Bradlee, for the  
FUNERAL SERVICE OF  
Geo. H. Gay, Jr., June 14, 1877.



Sad are the hearts met here to-day,  
And heavy is our grief;  
Be thou, O God, the light and way  
Unto a sure relief.

In prime of life, at manhoods hour,  
This heavy blow has come;  
And parents dear did feel thy power,  
When thou didst call their son!

'They loved him much, they hardly know  
Why they should give him up!  
But wilt thou, Father, gently show  
How they shall drink the cup?

And let them look right through the gate  
That leads to Thee above;  
And may they see their precious one  
Embosomed in thy love.

And guardian angel let him be  
Over their home and heart;  
May he by thine all wise decree,  
A daily grace impart.

Let father, mother, brothers dear,  
All bow unto thy will;  
And calm each thought, and stay each fear,  
And speak, thy "Peace, be still!"

O God, at last, unite us all  
Where no more tears can come;  
And may we gladly hear the call,  
When mortal work is done.



Written for a Newburyport Paper.

## SUMMER.

BY C. D. BRADLEE.



Summer has come, Praise be to God  
For the blushing flowers !  
Because the earth has felt his rod  
And sanctified the hours.

Summer has come ! All things are filled  
With beauty and delight ;  
The perfumed air is grandly thrilled  
By the glorious sight.

Summer has come ! Our hearts are glad,  
We cannot murmur more ;  
But all our thoughts, with faith fresh clad,  
Shall wonder and adore !

Summer will come, in God's good time,  
Then other scenes we'll greet ;  
Standing at the Eternal Shrine  
With all our robes complete !

Summer will come, Jesus will come,  
When this life's work shall end ;  
Whilst with the Father and the Son,  
Eternity we'll spend !



## **WHITSUNDAY.**

June 9th, 1878.

——  
BY C. D. BRADLEE.  
——

The Holy Ghost, with mighty power,  
In shape of fire, a gracious dower,  
Came down from Heaven !  
Believers, in a chosen place,  
Were waiting for this promised grace,  
So quickly given !

On Pentecostal day, there came  
This mysterious, blessed flame  
Of light and love !  
It rested on each weary heart,  
And did a secret strength impart,  
From God above !

Many tongues at once were spoken,  
Unto all, the word was broken,  
The word of peace !  
Threc thousand people turned to God,  
And looked to Jesus, as their Lord ;  
All doubt did cease !

Lord evermore this gracious fire  
Send down from Heaven, and us inspire  
With wondrous light !  
The darkness of our souls dismiss,  
And fill us all with sacred bliss ;  
Anoint our sight !





## FUNERAL HYMN.

BY C. D. BRADLEE.



Our God, our Father, and our Friend,  
Our Comforter, and Guide ;  
On whom all mortal hopes depend :  
Be ever at our side.

And now, whilst grief has cast us  
down,  
And tears are flowing fast ;  
Our saddened hearts, with patience  
crown,  
Thy blessings on us cast.

We know not why this loss has come,  
Nor how to bear the rod ;  
But teach us, through thy holy Son,  
The message is from God !

And through the cloud, thy bow  
make known ;  
And in the bow, a light !  
And may we see, around the Throne,  
The lost, an angel bright !



REV. JAMES WALKER D. D. L. ~~B.~~ D.

Ex President of Harvard College.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY C. D. BRADLEE.



Reprinted from "Boston Post," Jan. 2. 1875.

Gone Home ! gone to a place of rest,  
And joy, and love, and peace ;  
A shining one among the blest,  
Thy goodness will increase !

A record sure, and strong, and bright,  
Thou leavest here below ;  
The teacher of the just and right ;  
Of thee the truth we know !

Modest, and brave, all sound, and pure,  
A giant, yet a child ;  
Thy words were strong, thy pledges sure,  
Thy manner sweet and mild !

Farewell, dearly beloved of all !  
The master-mind and saint !  
And may thy mantle, prophet, fall  
On us, as free from taint !



## THE OCEAN.

BY C. D. BRADLEE.

I looked upon the Ocean, and calm it seemed, and  
fair ;

The peace of the Almighty was surely resting there !

I listened to the Ocean, its ripples and its swell ;  
The voice of the Eternal, a message seemed to tell !

I bowed before the Ocean, and all its fearful rage,  
Restrained by the good Father, who made the  
shores, its cage !

I stood by the old Ocean, and thought about our  
life,  
Its days so full of changes, that pass from calm to  
strife !

And the Ocean seemed to speak of a more gracious  
Shore,  
Where God would stay our billows, and bless us  
evermore !



Holy waiting for the right.

BY C. D. BRADLEE.



[Reprinted from the Traveller]

Wait ! thou can'st not know thy fate,  
The hidden things that lie deep  
In the councils of God's State,  
While we wake, and while we sleep !

A weaving is round the throne  
Of our blessings true and pure;  
To mortal ears now unknown;  
In the future all secure.

The Almighty's plans are grand,  
But are hidden from our sight ;  
Of us all, does He command,  
Holy waiting for the right !





1778.

NOVEMBER 7.

1878.

—◆—  
**100 YEARS.**  
—◆—

## In Memoriam.

BY C. D. BRADLEE.

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH  
OF SAMUEL BRADLEE.

How grand the echoes of the past,  
That gather round the heart ;  
How sweet the glances on us cast,  
That angel eyes impart !

We think of one who came to earth  
A hundred years ago,  
Who now has found a spirit birth,  
Where crystal fountains flow.

We speak of her who took his hand,  
For fifty years of life ;  
Who now abides in God's own land, —  
Our mother ! and his wife.

We dream of those, their children dear,  
Veiled from our mortal sight ;  
And we are sure that they are near,  
On this, our festive night.

A hundred years ! how long the time !  
How filled with joy and pain !  
God give us all his own blest clime,  
Ere they come round again !



# In Memoriam.

BY C. D. BRADLEE.

Read at the Funeral of WINSLOW GAY, September 7, 1877.

AGAIN the voice of God is here ;  
Another dear one sleeps ;  
Yet God knows best, we will not fear,  
For He the loved one keeps.

Father, help us in this our grief ;  
A double blow thou'st given !  
Oh, send thy voice, a sure relief,  
Right from the throne of heaven.

Say, "Peace, be still !" "Be of good cheer !"  
The cloud shall soon depart,  
If God and Christ are surely near,  
And gracious aid impart.

Open ajar the gates above,  
Let angels come and go,  
All filled with peace and light and love,  
To chase away our woe.

And in this band, oh, may we see  
The \* two so lately gone,  
That now, by thine all-wise decree,  
Are like thy angels born !

Their voice we'd hear, their presence feel,  
And know that all is right,  
And though they must their forms conceal,  
Give us a spirit sight !

But God knows best, to Him we leave  
Our cries, our wants, our tears ;  
And all his blows in peace receive,  
And banish all our fears.

\* GEORGE HENRY GAY, JR., ob. June 12, 1877.









2350

B811

f

